

Diego Garcia

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Summary: Corporal Perez and his squad must fend off the New Mombasa Diego Garcia outpost from a wave of Covenant until the Spartan and the rest of his squad can reach them.

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/0500 hours, Corporal D. Perez, New Mombasa.

"We 're goin in. Get tactical marines!"\_ Blared the Alpha Squad Sergeant. Glad I'm not those poor boys going on a way way trip straight into hell, Perez thought. The center of New Mombasa had become a major hotbed of alien activity over the last couple of hours. When we got word that things got FUBAR up in space we all knew shit was bad. Apparently, there was a Covie spider in the center city. Those Alpha boys were heading straight into it...

"Corporal?"

I snapped out of it.

"What is it McKenzi?"

"You might want to hear this Sir." McKenzi replied and handed me the radio.

"\_We have been shot down by that Scarab. We are heading East through the outskirts. We are going to rally at Diego Garcia.\_

Great, the death wish boys are rallying on us.

"Private, tell the Sarge about Alpha's status."

McKenzi quickly stood up and marched up the four flights of stairs up to where Staff Sergeant Marcus Banks was sitting and giving recon over the comms.

Those guys are gonna bring that Scarab right on our doorstep...

"Perez, get your ass up here!" I heard the Staff Sergeant call out.

Oh, this is going to be pretty I can tell. I ran up the stairs to the roof where the Sarge held his binoculars out for me to look at. I took them, placed my elbows on the railing and put my eyes to the lens.

"One O'clock on the street." Sarge directed me.

Shit... there was two Wraiths... four ghosts... and I dont know how many Elites trailing behind. "This is going to be a long day." I sighed while handing the Sergeant's binoculars back to him.

"Private, get on the horn and tell Alpha that we are about to have splitjaws all over our asses." the Sarge said.

McKenzi instantly ran back downstairs to the radio.

"Corporal get the rest of the squad and make sure those purple bastards don't make it into this building. Understood?" Sarge asked.

"Yes sir!" I replied, then took off down the stairs.

I got down to the main lobby and was greeted with a plasma bolt to the wall next to me. The rest of the squad was already engaged, I didn't have to tell them twice.

"So far I count two wraiths, four ghosts, and a shit ton of splitjaws...No we will run out of ammo soon, we can't hold them forever...Understood sir, Diego out." McKenzie hung up the radio and palefully looked at me.

"We'll be dead men before Alpha gets here." said McKenzie.

So all of a sudden we are depending on Alpha to save our bacon? I thought.

"Why are we relying on Alpha for reinforcements so much?" I asked.

"Alpha's got a Spartan." McKenzie told me.

A Spartan? Theres only one Spartan that could be.

"Well then he'll change the tide of the fight, not just here, but in the entire city." I told him

Heat burned the skin of my back, I whirled to see just a split second

before a Wraith bolt struck the window in front of me... I was blown off my feet onto the ground. Ash was all over the carpet. A fire had clearly started due to the extreme heat of the plasma charge. The fire alarms blared, I heard them loud and clear, even though my ears were ringing. A marine helped me up, Private First Class J. Walken.

"The Elites are making a push Sir!" Walken yelled.

"Those big bastards aren't getting into this building! We gotta defend it at all costs until reinforcements arrive!" I screamed over the gunfire to the squad.

"What kind of reinforcements are gonna save our cooked asses from this mess Sir?" Leeroy, our medic screamed.

"The Chief himself is coming to personally tear these spiltjaws outside a new asshole." I told him

In unison the squad barked out a loud "HOORAH!"

I grinned and grabbed my Battle Rifle and aimed down the range at an Elite charging full speed at us.

\_BRRSH BRRSH!\_ The splitjaw's head exploded in a purple fountain and he fell to the ground.

"Ya! Get Some!" I yelled.

A plasma grenade flew past my face and landed on Walken's helmet. The PFC frantically unclasped his helmet and threw it as hard as he could out of the building. It exploded only a few feet from us.

Again, the hair on my arms got burned by the super hot plasma.

"Shit Walken you almost got your top popped!" McKenzi cried.

"Ya that would have been one mess I couldn't put back together." Leeroy chuckled as he fired away into the on coming squad of Elites.

As I was sighting up my next target I saw a shimmer in the air in front of me. I lowered my BR and squinted hard where I thought I saw it. Just then the shimmer appeared in front of me and this time I wasn't hallucinating. The figure turned off its camo and jumped through the window into the building with us. The huge black armored splitjaw pulled out an energy sword. He strode up to me and raised his blade over me. Just then Walken, screaming like a madman, tackled the Elite. The splitjaw threw him off and stood up again. McKenzi started shooting his Magnum at the Elite's head. Walken got to his feet and went to hit the Elite again, but this time, the Elite was ready. The Elite turned, bashed Walken in the teeth and then slashed across the PFC's chest with his blade. Walken fell onto his back, Leeroy rushed to him.

"Aim for his neck!" I snarled.

McKenzi and I burned our clips into the splitjaw's neck. The black armor clad Elite's jugular exploded with purple phosphorescent blood.

"Take that bitch!" Walken wheezed.

"I need biofoam now!" Leeroy yelled.

McKenzi threw a canister of biofoam toward Leeroy. He caught it midair and inserted the nozzle in Walken's wound, while the rest of the squad gave him cover fire.

"Alright, this is going to feel weird and it might hurt a little but I need you to fight through the pain for me okay Walken?" Leeroy told him.

Walken used the little strength he had to give a nod to Leeroy.

Leeroy then started firing the biofoam into Walken's wound.

"That should keep you sustained until reinforcements get here." Leeroy told him

Walken grabbed his shotgun and propped himself up against a wall.

A lot of marines were getting hit now. The splitjaws were stepping up their game. If Alpha didn't get here soon we'll be toast.

"Keep holding them! Reinforcements are almost here marines!" I hollered

Truth was, I didn't know when Alpha was getting here. I didn't know \_if\_ Alpha was getting here.

I ran up the stairs up to the roof to find the Sarge, with his SRS99C-S2 AMB Sniper Rifle set up on the railing of the balcony, sniping splitjaws on the ground. Raining death from above...

"Sir, Walken and a few others have been hit and we are running out of ammo. We can't last too much longer." I reported.

Not looking up from his scope, he told me

"The chief will be here... we are going to defend this post until our dieing breath." He said.

"Understood sir... where do we go with the wounded?" I gravely asked.

"Put them in the vacant rooms in the building, but keep them out of the fight." He told me.

I turned and left the Staff Sergeant to his slaying. I ran down the stairs and told Leeroy to get the wounded to the rooms upstairs. I went to pick up Walken, but he shoved my arm away.

"I'm not useless, I still have a lot of fight left in me. I'm not leaving to go hide in a dark room until the boogeymen go away." He coughed.

I grinned and gave him a box of shotty shells. Again I found myself crouched at the same smashed out window, peering through my BR55

Battle Rifle and taking pot shots at the right Wraith's hull. All of a sudden, \_CATHOOM! \_The Wraith exploded in a fiery blue explosion. I starred at the wreckage in disbelief. Did I just do that? I thought. I looked harder and saw a large green figure hop down from the wreckage. He pulled out twin SMG's and shot two Elites in their chests. A Ghost boosted to try to hit the soldier, but he jumped, landed on top of the Ghost, kicked the Elite in the face, and threw him off his ride. He then took out a plasma grenade, stuck the control console of the Ghost, and then jumped off and landed on his feet as the Ghost impacted the Wraith and exploded, destroying both vehicles. He stood straight, looked in our direction and strode over to me.

"Sir, Corporal Perez, A Company, CP is this way." I told him

"The Lieutenant got hit as soon as we dropped in." I explained

"Who's in charge here Corporal?" Cortana, a computer AI that the Chief was paired with, asked.

"Uh, Sergeant Banks ma'am, hes up top, come on I'll show you." I told her.

I led the Chief up the four flights of stairs, past Walken and Leeroy who set up a turrent on the steps, and up to the Staff Sergeant. The chief opened the doors, walked outside, and the Sarge filled him in on our situation. Just then, I saw it... the Scarab. It had followed him. McKenzi started shooting at it frantically with his turret but the spider didn't even flinch. I backed into the wall of the hallway, sat down, and sighed...

"Ya... this is going to be a long day..."

End  
file.